Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then miniſter to ſuch harme, what is the chance?
Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He lookd all grace and ſucceſſe, and he is
Doubtleſſe the prim'ſt of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.
Showt, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou haſt loſt,
Vpon my right ſide ſtill I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the left, why ſo, I know not,
I had no end in't; elſe chance would have it ſo.
Another cry, and ſhowt within, and Cornets.
On the ſiniſter ſide, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the beſt boding chance: This burſt of clamour
Is ſure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They ſaide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th'Aſſiſtants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this inſtant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphiſd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth ſo compoſd a Man: their ſingle ſhare,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of diſparity values ſhortnes
Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing——— More exulting?
Palamon ſtill?

Ser. Nay, now the ſound is *Arcite.*

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.
Cornets.

Cornets. a great ſhowt and cry, Arcite, victory.
Set both thine eares to'th buſines.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats conſummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Inſtruments.

Emil. Halfe ſights ſaw
That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his richnes
And coſtlines of ſpirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,
Then humble bankes can goe to law with waters,
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miſcarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke ſo; Our reaſons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: They are comming off:
Alas poore *Palamon.* *Cornets.*
Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.

Theſ. Lo, where our Siſter is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unſetled: Faireſt *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever ſtrooke at head: Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily,
To buy you, I have loſt what's deereſt to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchaſe cheapely,
As I doe rate your value.

Theſ. O loved Siſter,
He ſpeakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did ſpur a noble Steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, leaſt his race
Should ſhew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was
To him a ſow of lead: if I could praiſe
Each part of him to'th all; I have ſpoke, your *Arcite*
Did not looſe by't; For he that was, thus good